VERY ABSURD.

A Romance of the Stage, but Probably True.

SO you wonder why a fellow with my talent should have left the stage, do you? Well, Ferd, I'm much obliged to you for your little compliment, so I'll tell you my true reason, which is known to but few people, either in the profession or out of it.

"The last three years of my public life were quite successful. I was lucky in having a tip-top fellow for manager—Gus Bailey, an honest, square man, who could keep his own secrets and other people's too.

"Like most actors, I was not quite satisfied to play the parts for which I was best adapted; my "old men" pleased the public far better than they did me. *I* preferred the Romeo business, and once in a while Bailey consented to bill me for such parts.

"By one of these coincidences which really do occur now and then, Murray, our leading young man, broke his hip just at the time Mlle. d'Esterre joined us, and I, having been longer in the company than any other man, was cast in his place. This made an enemy for me of Lawrence, who firmly expected the promotion, but I cared little for that.

"Had the whole company been down on me I would not have known it, for it was patent to me as well as others that our new star was quite well satisfied with the change in her stage lover. Lawrence was a capital actor, but his private life was not of the best, and that was one reason why he did not get the vacant berth; occasionally he would become too hilarious to be depended upon and his under-study did not enjoy a sinecure.

"'How much you must enjoy the 'Pastime of an Hour,' Mr. Osmyn!" said Mlle. d'Esterre to me.

"'Why so?' I said, in surprise.

"'I always see you in the wings, when you are not on the stage, through the whole of this act,' she answered.

"I was flattered; this young and pretty girl with the fanciful French name was an honest, simple-hearted American girl without either flightiness or prudery, and I was glad that she took note of where I was. I replied carelessly:

"'One must stand somewhere, and my waits are very short.'

"'Do you know,' she added, sinking her voice almost to a whisper, 'it is a real comfort to me to know that you are so near. I dare say you will think me very silly, but I never feel quite easy until Mr. Lawrence has stamped on that burning paper; my dress is very fluffy and—"

BUT LOVE IS MORE ARDENT THAN FIRE."

"'Have no more uneasiness,' I said, truthfully. 'I, too, dislike that business and I watch your dress as carefully as if I were your maid.'

I dared not say more nor speak in too tender a tone, for Lawrence had drawn near and was scowling fiercely at us. I fancied that he was not quite himself.

"The second scene in our play was a hackneyed one. Lawrence, the unsuccessful suitor, flourished before his lady's gaze the will her father had made subsequent to the only one found at his death; the one he had just found rescinding the old man's bequest of great wealth to his daughter, provided she marry Sir Harry Vaughn (Lawrence).

"When she firmly and for the third time refuses to marry him or any one but Jack Leslie (myself) he tears the paper in his rage, thrusts the two strips into a lighted candle, and, waving them before her, cries:

"'So vanishes all proof that your father weakly changed his mind! No one but you and me knows that this will was ever made, and as these flames flicker and spread you see your ease, and luxury, and comfort disappear—disappear forever, unless you marry me!'

"Then he throws the burning ends of the paper on the floor, and stamps on them, crying:

"'Now, let us see what is before you! Comfort with me or starvation with your plebeian suitor.'

"As the days had grown into months I had seen very plainly that Lawrence and I spoke our respective lines from our hearts. Did Mlle. d'Esterre! How I longed to know! Lawrence was a fascinating fellow, I was not; he had a fairly good social position, and I was supposed to have none; he had a good income besides his salary, I had nothing.

"No one in our company knew my history, but I will tell you the gist of it now. Though I was billed as Max Osmyn my lawful appellation was Henry Osmyn Maxwell; my grandfather, who was very wealthy, had announced his intention of making me heir to most of his property, but after years of kindness and indulgence he cut me off without a shilling because I refused flatly to marry the granddaughter of one of his cronies, an old reprobate whom I detested.

"Of course, Lawrence did not know it, and the numberless ways in which the cad tried to teach me my place, socially, were very amusing. I scorned the fellow too much to feel angered at him.

"This night when Mlle. d'Esterre had confided her anxiety to me I was even more watchful than before. I imagined that Lawrence was unusually excited (I learned afterward that she really had rejected him in earnest that afternoon) and threw much emphasis into his lines.

"He brandished the burning papers in a wild manner and then cast them to the floor in a reckless way. Just what I feared would happen some time now took place.

"A breath of wind, caused, perhaps, by a sudden movement of Mlle. d'Esterre's trailing robe, flicked one of the papers close to her; the dying flame gave one last flicker, bent forward, and seized a diaphanous frill or flounce or something on her skirt, started into new life, and was fain to clasp my darling in its fiery embrace.

"But love is more ardent than fire. In an instant I darted forward and crushed out the flame with my hands.

"Lawrence, who had not seen the fire, thought I was improvising something to spoil his situation, I presume, for he grasped me by the shoulder and swung me forcibly into the flies. How the audience hissed him! Most of them had understood the unexpected scene and many were breathless with terror. The orchestra leader whispered to Mlle. d'Esterre that it was 'all right,' and she went on with her refusal.

"'*Comfort*, with a craven like you! Sooner would I die! Sooner, a thousand times sooner, would I starve with my dear Jack—and here he is, to learn how I love him and detest you,' were her lines.

"And how the audience applauded now! They did not seem to notice the rather dishevelled condition of 'dear Jack's' wig and collar and necktie, a result of his sudden and unintentional exit at Lawrence's hands, and they certainly did not know that the hands of 'dear Jack,' so tenderly clasped by the heroine, were smarting and blistered!

"Of course *she* knew the condition of my paws, and it was when she insisted on dressing and bandaging them for me that I found courage enough to tell her how I loved her.

"'You say you love me and want to marry me,' she said, by and by, in a tone of surprise, 'yet you know nothing of me, not even my name, for I am *not* French.'

"'I know that you are a sweet, noble *woman*, be your name what it may,' I made reply. 'But before I insist on an answer to my question I must tell you my story.'

"Which I did, accidentally omitting all names.

"'How very strange! My father, at the instance of my ambitious step-mother, turned against me because I would not agree to marry some one he had selected for me. Perhaps I was romantic, for I refused to even see the young man. I said I would be loved for myself alone and would give my hand only where my heart went.'

"'Had you seen the fellow may be you would have liked him, and then I should never have met you,' I said, jealously.

"'I *could* not have fancied him! In all the country there is not an idler, gayer, more useless man than that young Henry Maxwell! A devotee of tennis—'

"'*Who?*' I cried, excitedly.

"'Henry Maxwell. Did you ever hear of him in New York?'

"'Well, rather,' I answered, smiling.

"'I'll warrant you never heard any good of him!'

"'I have the impression that he once risked burnt fingers to extinguish the flames on a young lady's dress—that of a Miss Anna Gordon, I believe; did you ever hear of her?'

"'Who are you?' she asked, abruptly, in open-eyed amazement.

"'Henry Osmyn Maxwell, billed as Max Osmyn, very much at your service. A foolish fellow, who angered his grandfather, Colonel Maxwell, because he refused to marry one Anna Gordon, sometimes now known as Mlle. d'Esterre.'

"'How perfectly absurd!' was all she said.

"It may have been perfectly absurd, but it was all quite true.

"We closed our engagement with Gus Bailey that spring, and he, who had known my wife's story, was the only person taken into our confidence and the only witness at our quiet wedding.

"Of course, our respective families received us with open arms; to be sure, they laughed at us, but at the same time they showered gifts upon us and my delighted grandfather presented me with a charming villa up the Hudson.

"Here's our address—come and see us on your way home and tell us whether you, too, think our conduct was 'perfectly absurd,' as our relatives express it."—Chicago Times.

SOME ODD REMEDIES.

How Ague Was Treated and Cured in the Days of Yore.

Ague was much more prevalent in the old days, when so many thousand acres of what is now good arable land were lying in waste marshes, reeking with malarial vapor. But the sufferer was not without choice of other remedies which, if their efficacy was at all in proportion to their simplicity, left little to be desired. If he were unable to obtain the chips of a gibbet, or objected to them on superstitious grounds, many other courses were open to him. Thus, he is directed to have a cake baked of salted bran; while the fit is on he is to break up the cake and give the pieces to a dog. The disease will then leave him and stick to poor Tray. Another authority recommends him to seal up a spider in a goose-quill and hang the quill round his neck, allowing it to reach as low as the pit of the stomach. Aspen leaves were good against ague. And this reminds me of one curious principle which appears to have influenced the leech strongly in his choice of remedies—the so called "Doctrine of Signatures." To the old physician all plants seemed to possess such curative powers as would render him valuable assistance if he only knew the ailments in which a particular plant, or part of a plant, might be prescribed with propriety. His peculiar method of reading between the lines in the book of nature soon enabled him to surmount this difficulty to his own satisfaction, if not to the advantage of the patient. The shape of a leaf or flower, its color and a hundred other trifles were gladly accepted as indications of the medicinal virtues upon which he could most confidently rely. Thus, nettle tea was sure to prove helpful in a case of nettle rash; the heart-shaped leaves of the ordinary wood sorrell were remedial in cardiac disease; and turmeric, on account of its deep yellow color, was of great reputation in the treatment of jaundice. Is it any wonder, then, that the quivering leaves of the aspen were esteemed as a cure for ague.—All the Year Round.

A Useless Journey.

My little four-year-old brother was led into the room to see a new sister. He stood for a moment in deep thought, and then asked:

"Mamma, did baby tum from Heaven?"

"Yes."

"Did I tum from Heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did 'oo tum from Heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Is we all doing back to Heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Den I'd dess as leave have staved dare and saved tar faro."—N. Y. World.

When They Began.

"Out West," says a theatrical manager, "they don't always do things in New York style. We played at a little theater in Salem, Ore., two weeks ago, and when I asked an old man with long whiskers, who was a sort of general factotum about the theater, what time they usually rang up the curtain, he said, shifting a quid of tobacco in his mouth: 'Well, we don't have no reg'lar time; we gen'ly begin when the folks begin to stomp.' So we waited until our audience got there and 'stomped,' which was about nine o'clock.—St. Louis Republic.

An Innovation.

Bagley—So Bailey has turned over a new leaf in regard to drink, eh! He never drank very hard.

Peterby—No; but he does now. That's where the new leaf comes in.—Judge.

THE Irish question—"Phat'll ye take?"

FOUR AND EIGHTY-FOUR.

Little Rachel, sweet and fair,
Standing by Great-grandma's chair,
  Closely watches how the shining needles fly.
In and out they swiftly go,
Round and round each circling row,
  "Gran'ma teach me how to do it by and by!"

Such a tiny little maiden!
Soft brown eyes with wonder laden,
  Tossing curls that frame the little earnest face.
Wonder-eyes, can you discover
How the yarn goes back and over,
  And the glancing needles fly from place to place?

What thro' Grandma's mind is flitting
As she sits there, slowly knitting?
  Do the four score years unravel one by one,
Until all the vacant spaces,
Slowly fill with vanished faces
  And with voices of the loved ones long since gone?

Looking over life's long story,
Near its close a golden glory
  Seems to make the darkest pages heavenly bright.
It was hard to learn their meaning,
But God's promise intervening
  Gently said: "At evening time it shall be light."

And how gladly would she borrow,
Some fair spell to shield from sorrow
  And from danger, this beloved little one!
But the trustful eyes upturning,
Can not read this love and yearning,
  Life's to her a fairy tale but just begun.

—Home-Maker.

THEIR CHANCE.

How Ben and Roger Proved "What Was in 'Em."

Ben and Roger Moore were "railroad boys." Their father was an engineer on one of the great Western roads, and they had been born and brought up in a comfortable little cottage by the very side of the track, so that they could not remember a time when rushing trains, screaming whistles, clanging bells and the acrid smell of coal smoke had not been familiar things to them. Smart little railroaders they were, at ages when most boys hardly know a throttle from a reversing lever; for they had been unconsciously picking up knowledge every day of their lives during the hours spent at the station or in the repair shops, or while the yard master favored them with a trip on the queer little shifting engine, which puffed up and down the interlacing sidetracks from morning till night.

As they grew older their father occasionally took one of them with him on the great express locomotive 209, where they learned to stop and start the magnificent machine, and even to run it on safe stretches of road. Often Ben relieved the big, good-natured fireman at the shovel, and fed the box under his directions, while Roger attended to the bell and whistle and learned to manage the air brake.

Of course it was against the rules of the road, but rules have their exceptions, and the pair of young engineers were such exceptions. Even the stern potentate, the division superintendent, uttered never a word of objection when he saw the two youthful faces in the cab, black with smoke and beaming with pleasure, while train hands and station men smilingly waved their caps to Ben or Roger leaning out of the window and watching for signals and switches as if the whole train depended upon his vigilance.

"They can run an easy piece as well as I can," Mr. Moore once proudly said.

"An' they' do prutty will in a toight place, too," added the fireman. But Mr. Moore shook his head at this.

"Perhaps so, Mike; but it isn't knowing the machine that pulls a man through tight places. It's pluck and grit and a cool head, and thinking of your train first and yourself last—that's what it is."

"Sure. But if iver th' b'ys have to show what's in 'em, yez won't find 'em lackin'. O've soized 'em oop, an' Oi till yez they're th' roight soort. Wait till they've the chance, an' ye'll see."

Only a short time afterward they actually did have the chance, and I will leave it to you whether or no Mike Murphy was mistaken.

"What's the matter with that car? It's moving off of itself!" exclaimed Roger, while he and his brother were standing at the station awaiting their father's train. Down the track at the end of the yard a flat car loaded with ties was slowly gliding along without any visible means of propulsion.

"Brakes loosened," replied Ben. "She'll be stopped in a minute. Yes, there goes somebody now."

A man climbed on board and made his way to the brakes. He turned the wheel vigorously, but without effect. Another joined him, and both, throwing their weight on the brakes, could be seen heavily leaning outward and swing half around as they strained to stop the ponderous car.

"No use. Brakes must be out of order," said Roger, after a minute's observation.

"Yes, that's it," assented Ben, carelessly. But even while yet speaking, he gave a sudden start of excitement.

"Roger, there's going to be trouble. See how it gathers speed. It must be getting on the down grade just outside the yard."

"And that goes clear to Gravelly Run Bridge," replied Roger, also becoming excited. "The flat will be running like lightning by the time it gets there."

"Yes, and it'll pitch off the bridge, beside," continued Ben. "But I don't see what can be done about it. The men have given up. See! They're jumping off—and it's time they did."

"Well, the company will lose some money," said Roger, "but that's all the harm, for there's a clear track and no train coming up for two hours."

But Ben all at once grasped his brother by the wrist.

"O Roger, don't you remember? There's a gang repairing the bridge at the brook! They're clear down in the gully where they can't see or hear the car, and it'll fall right over upon them! They'll all be killed! They'll all be killed!"

Roger could not say a word. He stood staring after the car, pale-faced and breathing hard. Ben looked around helplessly until his eyes fell upon something that made his heart leap with joy. It was the change engine waiting to relieve their father's when his train came in. It stood on the main track near the two boys, but with no one aboard, for the engineer and fireman were eating their noon lunch at the roundhouse, as they generally did.

"Jump aboard, quick, quick!" cried Ben, dragging Roger toward the locomotive. "We can't stop to call the crew—we must run her ourselves. I'm the strongest. I'll fire—and you—you start her up! Hurry!"

Roger instantly understood. He sprang upon the foot-board after his brother, and grasped the lever and throttle. It was no time for careful handling, and the great engine fairly jumped on the rails as the abruptly opened valves sent the steam rushing through it. Ben seized the whistle lever, and a long scream of warning sounded in the ears of the astonished men who were watching the runaway car, while, almost at the same moment with the sound, the roaring locomotive leaped by them over the rattling switches and shot down the line like a meteor.

Both boys, now that they were actually at work to avert a disaster, the very thought of which had unnerved them a minute before, were cool and steady. Roger, with hands occupied and feet braced firmly against the heavy shocks and lurches of the flying engine, moved his eyes from the track ahead only for a swift glance at the gauges. Ben fed the fire-box with all the skill he knew, recalling Mike Murphy's instructions and doing his best to keep a steady, hot fire without smothering it by putting on too much coal, the common mistake of inexperienced firemen. Never once since starting had he looked away from his work, or even taken a single glimpse from the window directly in front of him. Yet all the time his mind was busy. He had set out upon this wild race with the single idea of chasing the flat car, and in some way preventing the destruction it was sure to create if left to itself.

But now the question was whether the car could be overtaken, and, if it could, what should then be done. Knowing how far away the bridge was from the station, he mentally calculated the probable speed of the flat and the time it would occupy in making the distance. Then, between shovelfuls of coal, he fixed the pace necessary to come up with the chase sufficiently far from the bridge to allow opportunity for securing the runaway by a plan which had just occurred to him.

"There it is!" cried Roger, as they swept around a long curve. "It's running nearly as fast as we are."

For the first time Ben looked out at the flying telegraph poles, while counting the jars of the wheels on the joints of the rails.

"Give her a little more, Roger," said he.

The engine seemed to drop from under them with its increased speed on the down grade, rolling and pitching like a ship at sea. Ahead the flat was bounding along the rails, strewing the track-side as it ran with heavy ties, for its load had been shifted by the shock of rounding the curve. Several times the pursuing engine struck and threw aside some of the ties which had fallen partly across the rails. Fearfully dangerous it was, but Roger did not even think of slowing up. On the contrary, he crowded his machine a little harder. There was need of it, for the bridge was less than a mile away, and a mile at this speed was only a few seconds over a minute. Ben also knew that. He threw down his shovel, caught up an iron pin, and opened the doors leading out upon the boiler. Roger looked at him anxiously, but never spoke. The thing must be done, if both his brother and himself gave up their lives in doing it, for there, down under the bridge, were twenty men—husbands and fathers, many of them—working away, unconscious of the death that was rushing upon them at fifty miles an hour.

Clinging to the brass railing, and almost choked by the fierce rush of air that the engine created as it tore along, Ben crawled slowly to the buffers, and, from there let himself down till his feet rested upon the frame of the pilot. Half sitting, half standing, he held on to a brace with one hand, and with the other raised the heavy coupling-rod which hung along the the front angle of the pilot.

It was a terrible place. Stunned by the furious noise, smothered in dust and bewildered by the dizzy sweeping of the roadbed under him, his head swam, and for a moment he thought he should fall. But the weakness passed away before the thought of what depended upon him.

He must save those lives, that was what he was there for.

The engine was gaining rapidly, but still not rapidly enough. A few seconds more would render all this struggle useless. He leaned out and waved his hand. Instantly another of those headlong leaps told him that Roger had seen his signal, and that all steam was on.

The distance decreased. A hundred yards—fifty—twenty-five! Now the rumbling, swaying mass of timber was directly overhead, and Ben rose to his feet as cool as he had ever been in his life.

With pin and coupling-rod in hand, he stood balancing himself on the narrow frame that jarred and jumped beneath him, noticing even then the steady skill with which his brother was reducing the engine's speed to correspond with that of the car and prevent a heavy shock. Another second, and he dropped the rod in place, passed the pin through and fell backward upon the pilot.

The wheels screamed and grated, the steam roared, and the whole engine groaned under the racking strain of the reverse, but the car's way was being checked, and slower and slower it went, until its impetus was finally overcome and destroyed by the drag and pull behind it. Right before, not fifty feet off, was the bridge, but the car had stopped.

Well, you can imagine what a scene there was—the terrified workmen swarming out from among the timbers down in the ravine, learning what they had escaped, who had saved them, and how it had been done. And you can imagine another scene, an hour or two later, when the shouting procession of grateful men and wives and mothers and sisters, crying for joy, brought the two young heroes up to the station, where Engineer Moore was waiting. But you can not imagine what the father's feelings were on hearing the story, nor how he was proud and glad and frightened and thankful all at once. Nobody could imagine that.

Mike Murphy was simply uproarious.

"Hurroo! Didn't Oi till yez?" he kept saying. "Didn't Oi say ye'd see what was in 'em whin they had the chance? An' they've had the chance, an' ye do see! Hurroo!"—Manley H. Pike, in Youth's Companion.

VERY APPRECIATIVE.

An Eastern Man's Exalted Estimate of California Hospitality.

When a friend comes from the East and you take him out to see the sights, you show him every thing with an air of proprietorship. The place seems to belong to you. It does not matter whether you have been here since 1849 or whether you only came a month before your friend. You take him through the park and you point out all its beauties with that self-satisfaction which seems to say: "I did all this." You drive him to the Cliff House and show him the seals, and smile as if you owned them. You dwell upon the beauties of the bay, and the shipping seems to belong to you. You even direct his attention to the elegant mansion of some millionaire, and speak of it in a tone as if you had made the millionaire and paid for his house. Your friend is grateful. He feels as if California was all your doing, and he would not have enjoyed it if it had not been for you. But he does not often carry it as far as a gentleman who came out from the East a few months ago. He had been shown every thing; he had the marvelous beauty and wealth of the State elaborately explained to him; he had been dined and wined and made to enjoy himself. He had been enthusiastically entertained one night with an elegant dinner and plenty of good wine, and a great deal of lively story-telling, and he was in an effusively admiring condition. It was about one o'clock in the morning, and merry and mellow he found himself in a circle of friends, joking and chatting, when suddenly the house began to shake, the windows to rattle, the globes to jingle. He was happy and gay, and he merely looked up and said:

"That must have been a pretty heavy wagon passing?'

"That! That was an earthquake."

"An earthquake? You don't say so!" he said, as he arose and grasped his friend's hand. "Thank you! You have given me the best time I ever had in my life. You have shown me the most beautiful scenery. You have given me the best dinners, the best wine; and now you have given me an earthquake. I'm obliged to you—deeply obliged to you. I shall never forget your kindness—never."—San Francisco Chronicle.

First Railway in Germany.

A most curious paper has been found in the archives of the Nuremburg-Further railway, the first railway constructed in Germany. It is the official opinion of the Bavarian high medical collegium concerning the probable effect of the general introduction of railway travel upon the health of Bavarian subjects. The rapidity of the new transit would, according to the learned doctors, "certainly cause a brain disease which would eventually develop into delirium furiosum." Of course every one who wished to expose himself to this consequence of the new mode of travel might be allowed to do so undisturbed by the State. Other persons, however, should be protected from the perils attendant upon the rapid locomotion. Spectators by the wayside were liable to brain trouble after merely watching the passing steamers. Therefore, the railway and cars should be concealed from view by close board fences at least five yards high. All things considered, a better way of protecting the subjects of the Bavarian crown would be to forbid altogether the construction of the railway. The opinion was given in 1837 in response to a Government inquiry.—Chicago Tribune.

—How fate likes to send its misfortunes in couples is evidenced in the case of the unfortunate owner of the cartridge factory which blew up at Antwerp, killing so many people. No sooner had he been taken into custody, charged with carelessness, than there was an explosion in the bullet foundry at Paris belonging to him, injuring several workmen severely.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Table Talk advises keeping out of the frying-pan and trusting to the broiler.

—Use great care in serving food for the table, as the smallest spatter of grease or gravy changes the appearance and spoils an otherwise pretty dish.

—A London medical man says: "Be careful in your dealings with horseradish. It irritates the stomach far more than spice, and an overdose will bring on an unpleasant sensation for days."

—A Swedish servant maid, finding that her mistress was troubled with sleeplessness, told her of a practice of the people of her country who are similarily afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice cold water, wringing slightly, and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed, and it worked like a charm.

—Rice Jelly.—Mix enough water to two heaping teaspoonfuls of rice flour to make a thin paste; then add a coffee cupful of boiling water. Sweeten to taste with loaf sugar. Boil it until it is transparent. Flavor it by boiling with it a stick of cinnamon if the jelly is intended for a patient afflicted with summer-complaint; or add, instead, several drops of lemon juice if intended for a patient with fever. Mold it.—Practical cook.

—The care of the finger nails should not be neglected. It will not take long before a child will feel as conscious as a grown person of unclean nails. These trifles show the difference between the child of thoughtful parents, who think of all the good they can do their children, and the careless parents who think it is too much bother and that the children will learn these things for themselves when they go out in society.—The Housewife.

—Many seemed to be possessed with the idea that a man can not take care of his health without worrying about it and making himself constantly unhappy for fear that he will do something he ought not to do. Never was there a more erroneous opinion. A person who takes rational care of his body does not necessarily become a crank or so notional that it makes every one uncomfortable to live with him, but just the reverse. He should become more interesting, more intelligent and inspired by higher ideas, and be a more delightful companion.—Herald of Health.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE.

Why Mothers Should Study the Leading Principles of Sanitation.

Every mother should make household hygiene a study. To do this she need not be obliged to institute exhaustive research in technical treatises, but she should acquaint herself enough with the leading principle of sanitation to preclude the likelihood of her children becoming poisoned by defective drainage or neglected garbage through her ignorance of the deadly influence these exert. It may be safely declared that where there are evil odors, perfect healthfulness can not exist. If the mother notices offensive smells proceeding from the drain pipes, or sinks, or basins, if an effluvium arises from the cellar, she may be sure something is wrong, and her first business must be to investigate the cause of the trouble. In modern houses the system of traps used in waste pipes is much more perfect than in buildings erected even ten years ago. Where there is any doubt as to whether the traps are in perfect working order, no time should be lost in summoning a plumber. It is better to pay his bills than those of a physician.

Even when there seems to be nothing radically wrong about the drains and sewer connections, it is safe to use a few simple precautions. One of the best of these is to flush every pipe daily with hot water, if that is possible. To this may be added crushed washing-soda, household ammonia, potash, or some good disinfectant. Chloride of lime is so disagreeable to most people that the remedy gained by employing it seems to many almost worse than the disease it is to counteract. Copperas water is inoffensive, cheap and easily prepared. It must be handled with care however, for it makes ugly spots and stains, even upon white goods, that are almost impossible to efface.

The accumulation of waste heaps in the cellar or yard should never be permitted. What can not be burned in the kitchen stove with the aid of a hot fire, closed lids and open drafts, should be sent off by a scavenger to a remote dumping ground. Stores of fruit and vegetables should be picked over at regular intervals, that the rotting portions may be thrown away. This course not only avoids risk from the decaying matter, but helps to preserve that which has not yet been tainted. The cellar should never be allowed to become a receptacle for garbage of any kind, for it is too easily overlooked in those underground recesses. If scraps and remnants are kept in sight, they are much less likely to be neglected than if they are hidden in an out-of-the-way corner where they may escape the housekeeper's eye.

Children seem to have a natural proclivity for unhealthy localities. If there is a damp, heavily shaded corner of the garden, they seek this in preference to the sunny open. If there is a place where they can get their feet wet, thither they gravitate with unfailing directness. The mother must exercise constant vigilance to prevent the seeds of sore throats, rheumatism or diphtheria being sown in the baby systems. Childish ailments that can not be escaped are only too plenty without incurring the risk of those that care and watchfulness may aid to avert.—Housewife.